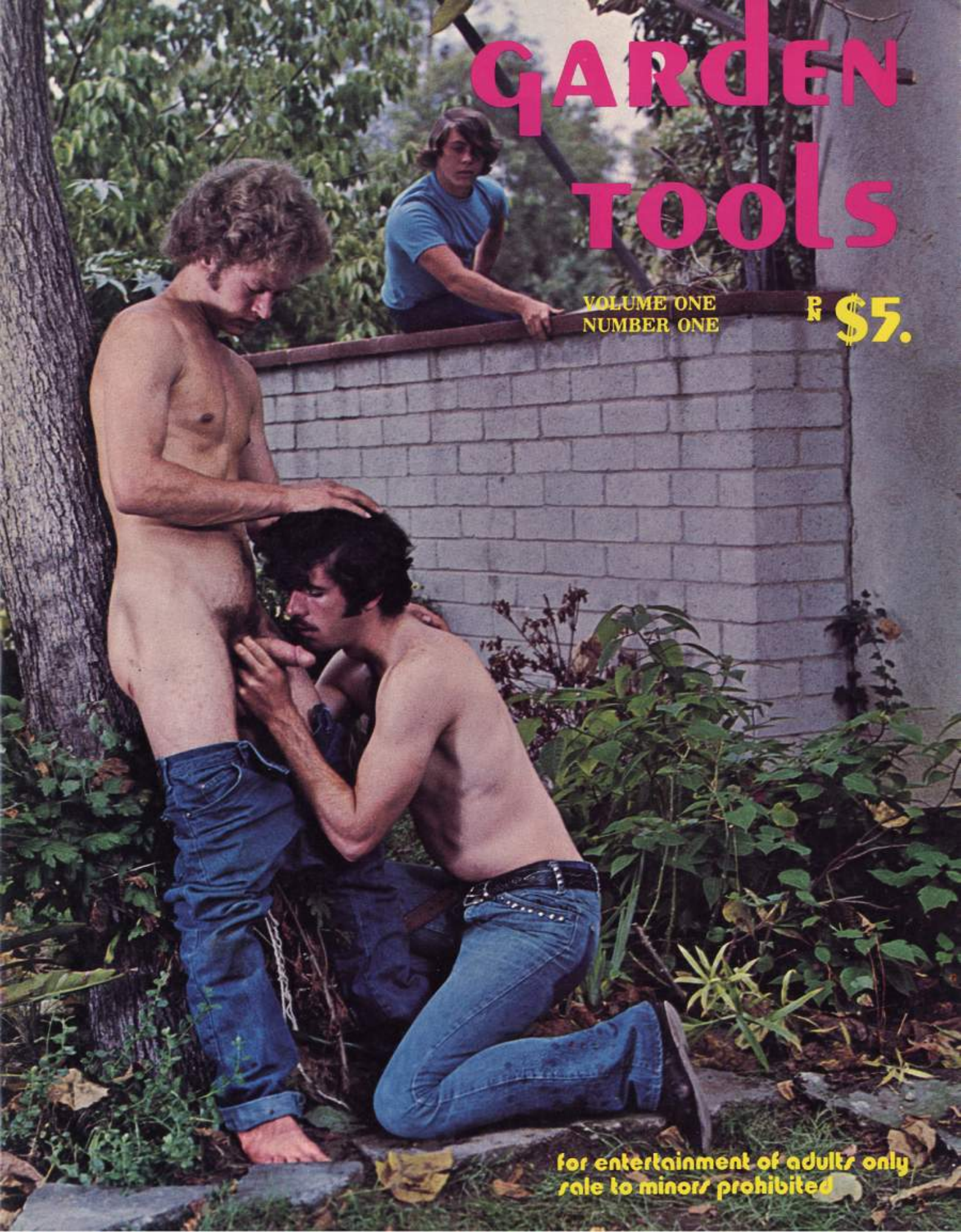

GARDEN
Tools
VOLUME ONE
NUMBER ONE
$5.
for entertainment of adults only
sale to minors prohibited

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW

All the while Rick was trying to do the dishes, he was distracted by the sight of the gardener in the backyard. Rick's regular gardener, Rufus, was on vacation, and he had sent his grandson to fill in for him. Rufus was about a hundred and fifty years old and had a face like a fatal accident. But not his grandson! As Rick studied the dark, handsome young man, he decided that this one surely belonged on his list of the Most Gorgeous Studs In The World—a list to which he only added ten or twelve new names a week.

Rick watched the young man's muscles ripple as he pushed the lawnmower over the backyard, and he tried desperately to think of a good reason to go out and strike up a conversation. Suddenly, as he saw the young man mowing over near the patio wall, he realized with a start that he actually had a reason—a real one—to talk to him. He rushed out into the backyard.

GARDEN TOOLS
(March, April, May, 1976)

is published four times a year by Chelsea Publishing Company, 21322 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, California 91311. It is produced and distributed as adult entertainment aimed at illuminating ongoing changes in current patterns of societal behavior with the view that the picturing and displaying of the unclothed human body is deserving of increased acceptance in our contemporary culture. All rights reserved on entire contents of this issue; nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1976 by Chelsea Publishing Company. Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope; the publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material. We do not release any information about, or sell photographs of, any model appearing in this magazine. Any similarity between persons living or dead and the characters named in fiction or semi-fiction is entirely coincidental. All photographs in this magazine, except those of public figures, are posed by professional models, and neither the photographs nor the words accompanying them describe, or are meant to be understood as, the actual personality or conduct of the models. Distributed exclusively by Parliament News, Inc., 21314 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, California 91311. Printed in the U.S.A.

"Hey!" called Rick. "Maybe you'd better not do too much work over there. I've got a lot of valuable plants over along the wall, and I wouldn't want you to cut them down by accident!"

As if to demonstrate, he knelt by the tree and fluffed up a particularly sad-looking fern. He looked up at the gardener, taking time to check out his bulging basket along the way. When his eyes finally reached the young man's face, he found him smiling down at him in a most peculiar way.

"Yeah," replied the gardener, "I've already noticed the plants you're talking about. The pot plants tucked away against the wall there." His grin broadened as Rick flushed.

"Hey, you won't tell anybody, will you?" Rick asked.

"Well," the young man said, as though giving it serious thought, "I'll tell you what, Mr. . . ." His voice asked for the name.

"Bolan," replied Rick. "Rick Bolan. I hope you'll call me Rick."

"Only if you'll call me John. Now here's my deal. I saw you checking out my equipment pretty carefully just now. I like to keep my tools in good condition, and Gramps says that the only

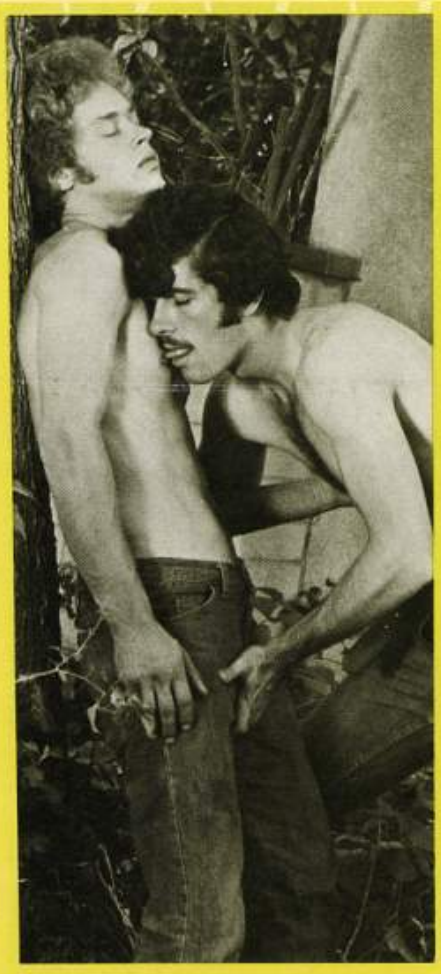
way to keep them in shape is to use them a lot. So if you'll help me out a little, I'll keep quiet about the plant. And if you *don't* help me out. . . ." He shrugged nonchalantly. ". . . I'll *still* keep quiet. What do you say?"

Rick said it with a smile, and a probing, massaging hand on John's crotch. In no time, he had the handsome gardener's pants open, and after a long, admiring glance at his stiff rod, Rick sank his mouth down over the tool and caressed it with his tongue. He buried his face in John's tangled pubic hair and reveled in the warm, musky scent of the working man. He felt his own prick, stiffly straining at his pants, and he knew that he could not be satisfied until he had asked John to return his attentions. And something in the eager way John responded to the warmth of his own mouth told

him that the gardener was more than willing to comply.

So involved with each other were Rick and John that they didn't even notice Rick's neighbor Jimmy peering over the wall, enjoying the show. Jimmy had been glancing over the wall from time to time all morning long, checking out John whenever he wasn't looking, and wishing the young man would get warm enough to take off his shirt and work bare-chested. Now John was not only bare-chested, but his bare *ass* was on display, too, and Jimmy clearly liked what he saw. He rubbed his urgent erection through his pants.

Meanwhile, without Rick ever asking, John had gently leaned him back against the tree and tugged his pants down to reveal



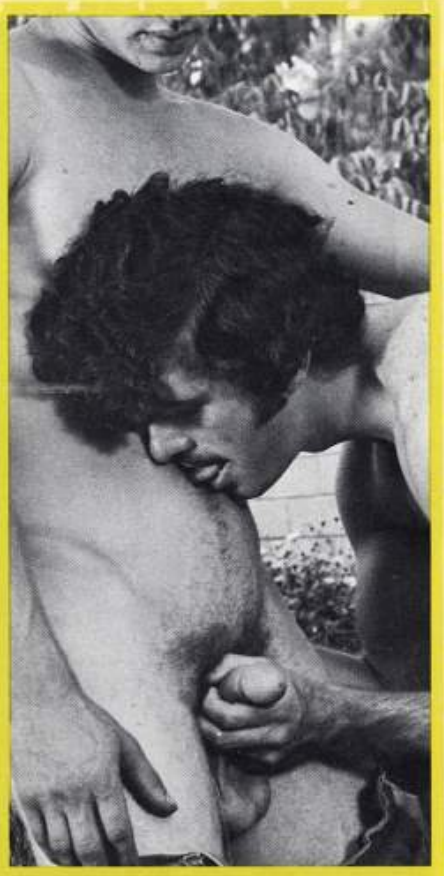
his own throbbing hard-on. John kissed Rick passionately on the mouth. Soon his kisses were working their way down Rick's neck, across his smooth chest, and nearer and nearer their ultimate goal, his stiff, beautiful cock.

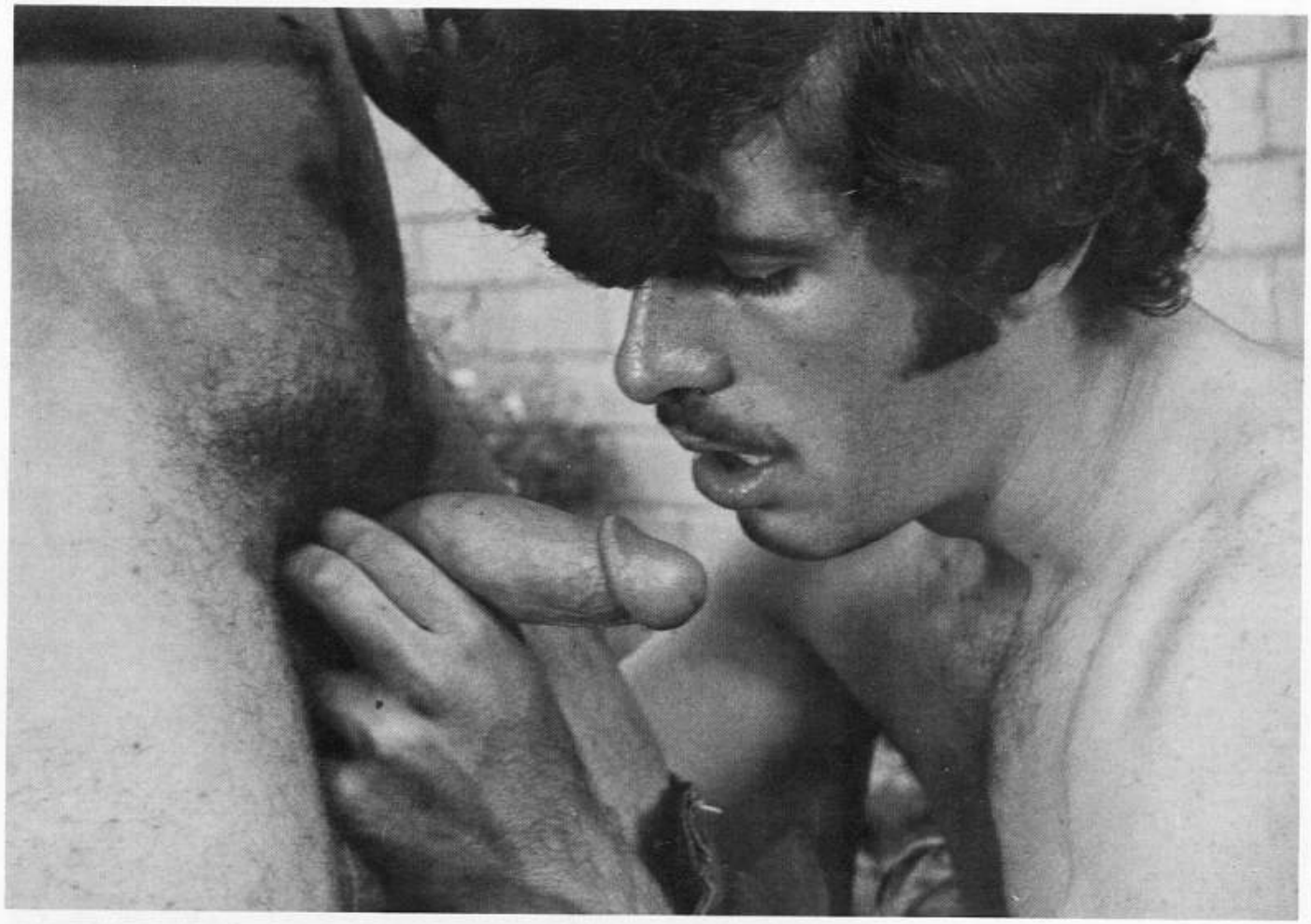
Rick leaned his head back against the tree, closed his eyes, and allowed his mind to run riot as he felt John's warm, wet, wonderful mouth work its way over his throbbing cockhead and down the length of his shaft. He felt John's tongue gently massaging and exploring. He felt his lips subtly urging his prick into an even greater erection. He felt his whole body responding to the expert touch of the boy's mouth to his organ.

Rick stroked John's soft, dark hair, running his fingers through the locks and gently but firmly pressing John's face even deeper against him at the same time. He looked down at the gardener, fascinated at the play of his muscles across his shoulders and his back.

"Hey, John," Rick said at last, softly. "I hate to say anything, but you seem to be doing all the work. I thought it was me that was getting blackmailed here. How about it?"

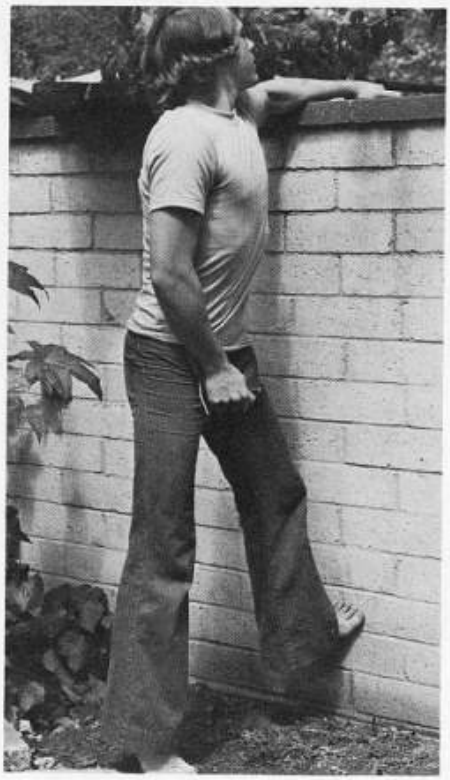
"My man," said John with a grin, "you just made me an offer I can't refuse!" Quickly John stripped his pants completely off, and as he lay a towel out on the lawn, Rick too stripped down to the skin. Jimmy, watching from a perch atop the wall, nearly fell on his fundiment trying to contain his excitement at the sight of the two beautiful young men stark-raving naked.





John lay back on the towel, his large cock thrusting itself into the air, crying for attention. Rick knelt, straddling John's face, and leaned down to the cock, determined to give it all the attention it deserved. As he expected, he felt John's mouth again attacking his own cock, which was held enticingly just over John's face. There was no reason why two could not play at this game.

Rick felt John's rough, masculine hands running up and down the length of his body, exploring and massaging everywhere they went. He felt little sensual thrills running throughout his body, all converging on his groin. He felt the beginning of the buildup toward that ultimate excitement that he knew was not far off. He



began to roll his hips forward and back in time to John's own head movements, and at almost the same moment, he felt John, too, beginning to rock his hips back and forth in mounting excitement. It was not long now.

Even Jimmy, yards away on the wall, watching with eager anticipation, could feel the excitement building as the two felt their orgasms approaching with increasing pressure.

Then Rick knew he could contain it no longer. With a sudden great burst he felt the tingling all converge on his balls and course out of his straining cock. At the same moment he felt a great pulsing of the cock in his own mouth as John shot wave after wave of hot cum into his mouth. He swal-

lowed as much as he could, and the rest poured out of his mouth and down John's cock, matting in his coarse pubic hair.

At last Rick felt his excitement subside. He let out a deep sigh. Lovingly he kissed John on the lips, licking some of his own cum off of John's handsome face. They smiled at each other in private understanding.

Leaving John lying naked in the backyard, Rick went back to the kitchen, fully determined to finish up his housework. But no sooner had he gotten back to work on the dishes than he heard a cheery "Hello," and he turned to find that his roommate, Kevin, was up and about after sleeping late.

"Hey, Kevin," said Rick, "come on over here to the window and get a look at the gardener!"

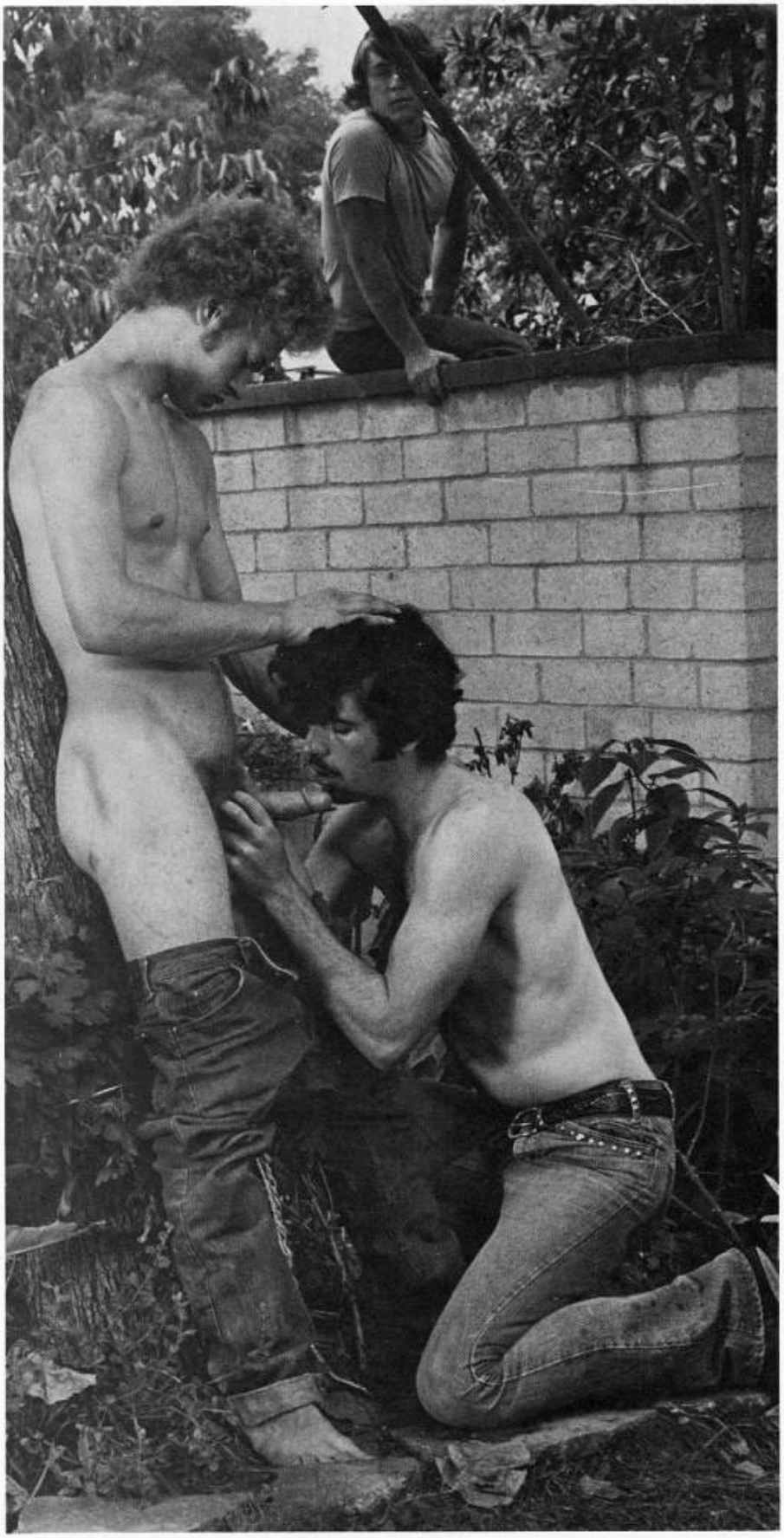
"What? Old Rufus?" cried Kevin. "It's too early in the morning to look at Rufus! I'd like to stand some chance of keeping my breakfast down!"

"Okay," laughed Rick, "but you'll be sorry!"

His curiosity aroused, Kevin stepped up to the window and glanced out at John, lying spread-eagled on his back, stark-naked in the yard. "I don't see a gardener anywhere," he commented, "but whatever that new shrub in the middle of the yard is, I hope he plants a few more!"

"You twit!" laughed Rick. "That's John. He's going to be our gardener for a while. He's Rufus' grandson."

"I'll admit he's a grand son, but I would never have thought that old Rufus was capable of producing anything like that! Still. . . ." Kevin turned back and let his eyes wander greedily across the smooth, hairless chest of his roommate. ". . . I think I'm just as hap-



py with the color of the grass on this side of the fence."

Kevin pulled the dishcloth from Rick's hand and kissed him passionately on the lips. Rick knew immediately that he could not refuse Kevin anything—the housework be damned! He returned the kiss.

Rick felt Kevin's insistent hands working at his belt buckle, then the warmth of those hands slipping beneath the pants and gently caressing his asscheeks. He felt the pants drop to the floor and he stepped quickly out of them, standing now before Kevin naked and erect for action.

With an excited sigh, Kevin dropped to his knees in front of Rick. His hands ran up and down Rick's excitingly smooth body while his tongue flicked in and out, lightly stroking Rick's cock, which eagerly leaped up and down with each flick of Kevin's talented tongue.

"Oh God, stop it!" cried Rick at last. "Stop teasing me! I can't stand it! Take me! Take me all!"

Kevin grinned at his roommate's impatience and then captured the very tip of Rick's throbbing cock with his lips. Slowly, as

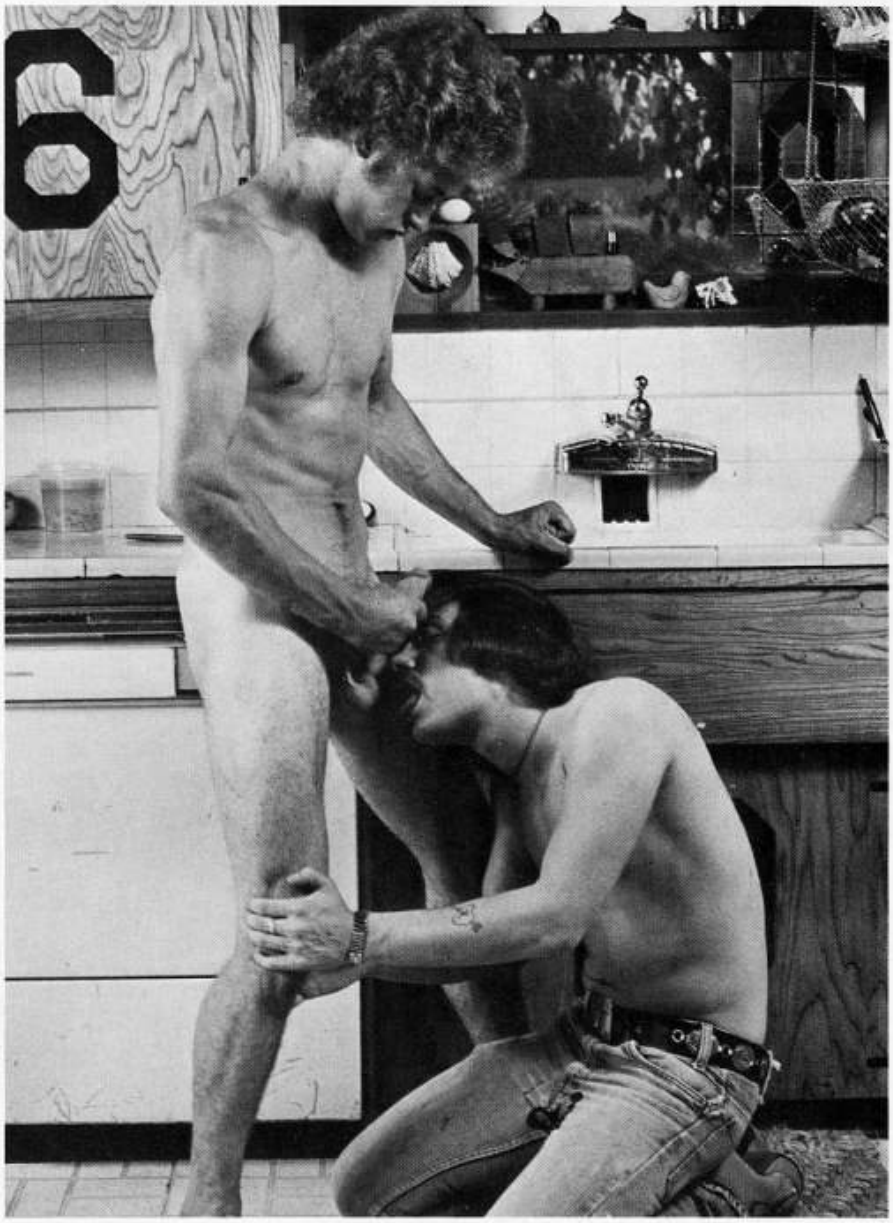
Rick breathed deeper and ever deeper, Kevin let the full length of the cock sink down into his hot, wet mouth. "Oh, Jesus God!" cried Rick in ecstasy. "Don't ever stop it! Please don't stop!"

But in a few moments, Rick himself stopped it. With an anticipatory excitement, he drew Kevin to his feet and unbuckled Kevin's pants. He lifted Kevin up onto the cabinet and with one smooth, eager gesture, he stripped Kevin's pants clear off. Kevin's huge hard-on was straining at the material of his shorts. Without even bothering to strip off the shorts, Rick pulled Kevin's rod into view and went down on it.

Kevin leaned back and sighed deeply as he felt Rick's warm, moist mouth working its miracles on his prick. After a few minutes he slipped off of the kitchen counter and lay out full length on the floor, stripping off his shorts as he did. Anxious once again for the taste of his lover's cock, he pulled Rick down over his face and took the large tool deep into his mouth once more. He worked his tongue around the shaft, feeling the large head fairly pulsing in his mouth.

Rick, meanwhile, leaned forward and returned the favor with Kevin's own engorged cock, and both of them, feeling the erotically charged tingling of the other's work on his cock, worked even more eagerly on the other's cock, knowing that the greater the satisfaction to his lover, the greater the satisfaction to himself.

Rick ran his hands along Kevin's smooth, muscular legs, working his fingers down underneath them and feeling the soft, pliable, exciting flesh of Kevin's ass. Kevin's gorgeous, smooth, warm ass. Suddenly the idea of Kevin's ass



excited him too much to hold back any longer. He had to have Kevin up the ass.

Suggestively, he applied pressure under Kevin's knees, and his roommate, knowing where Rick's interests lay, gladly rolled back on his shoulders and thrust his buttocks high in the air, inviting entry.

The very sight of Kevin's broad, smooth cheeks thrust up to him was nearly enough to bring Rick off. He ran his hands over the cheeks lovingly for a long moment, then slowly, carefully, he poised his anxious cock over the rosy pink asshole. Gently, easily, he rolled his hips forward and as his cock sank inch by inch into Kevin's relaxed asshole, Rick let out a low, animal cry of passion. Suddenly it was as though every nerve fiber led directly to his groin, and they were all signaling at full volume!

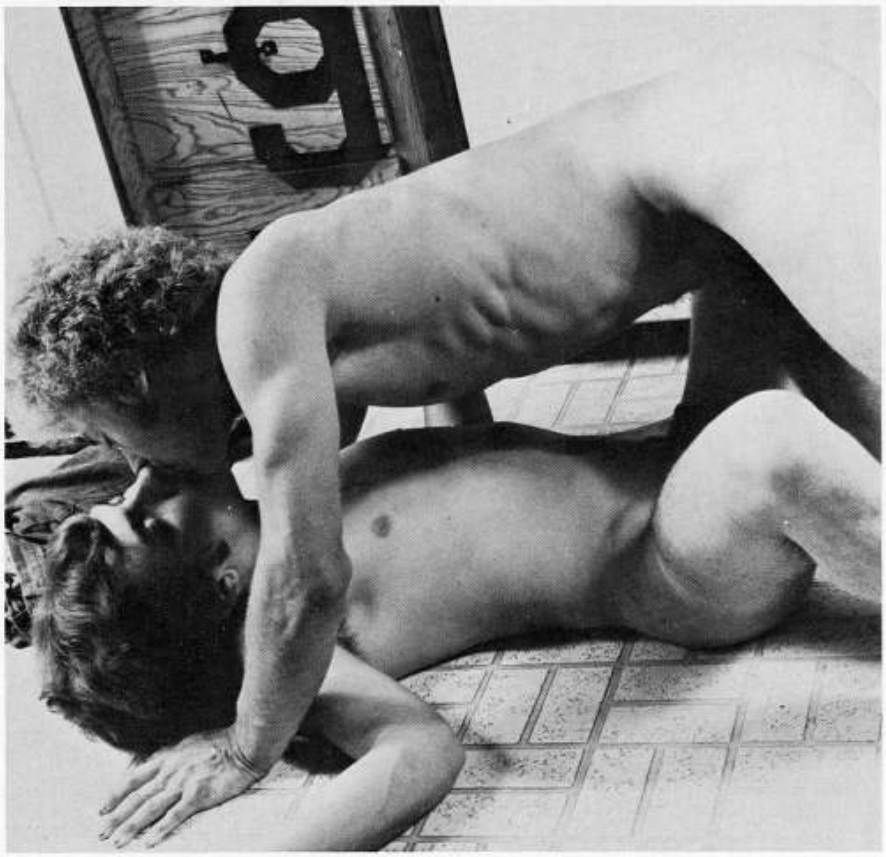
The insistent tingling in his loins, which he had been feeling even before Kevin slipped his hands beneath his pants, was now increasing with such excitement that he felt he could hold it back no longer, and at last he gave up trying. With a sudden exhilarating rush he felt his hot cum coursing up through his cock and flooding Kevin's asshole with its sticky warmth. He cried, then gasped for breath, then cried again. Kevin thrashed about on the floor, his own cries mingling with his lover's.

At last the thrilling pulse of his cock subsided and Rick fell, exhausted, to the floor beside Kevin. They caressed each other lovingly for a long moment, and then kissed.

"Well," sighed Kevin finally. "So much for breakfast! Now

6

10



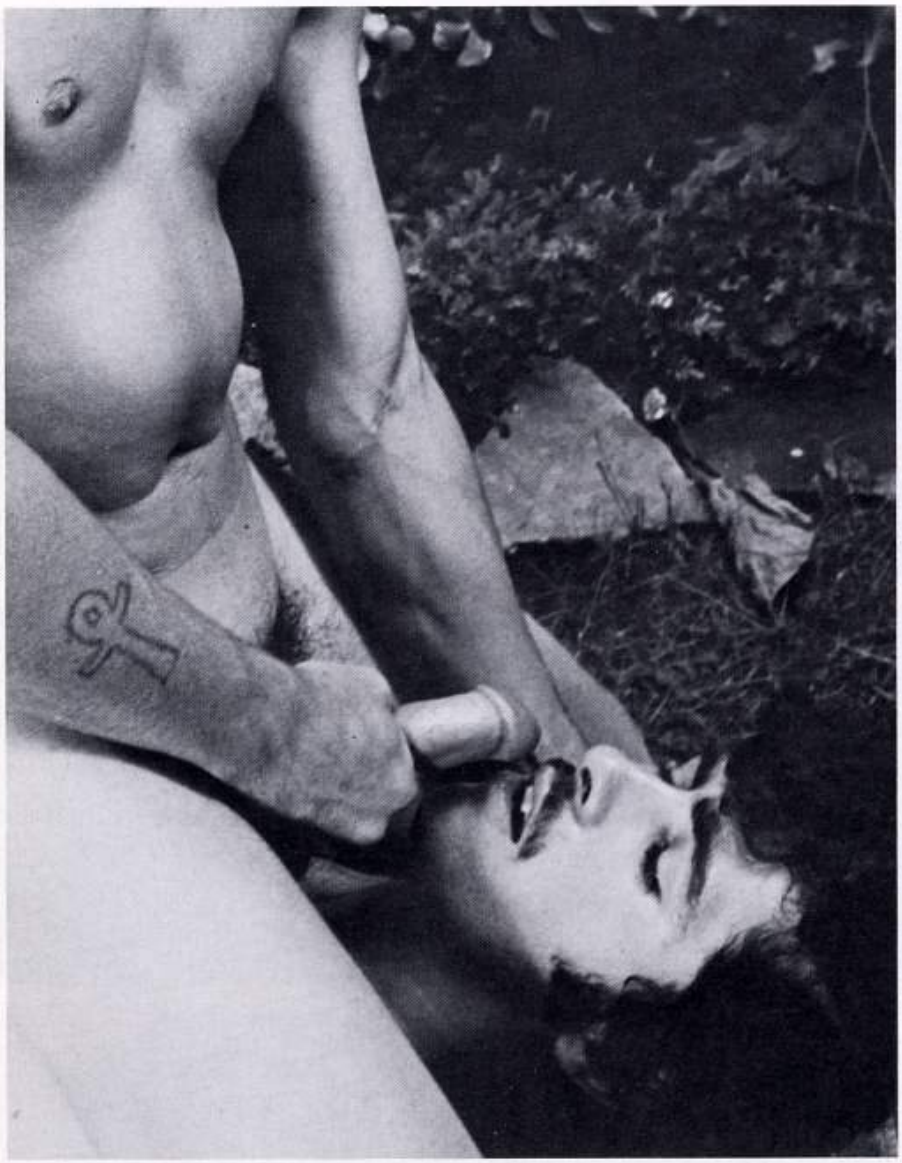
when do we start on lunch?"

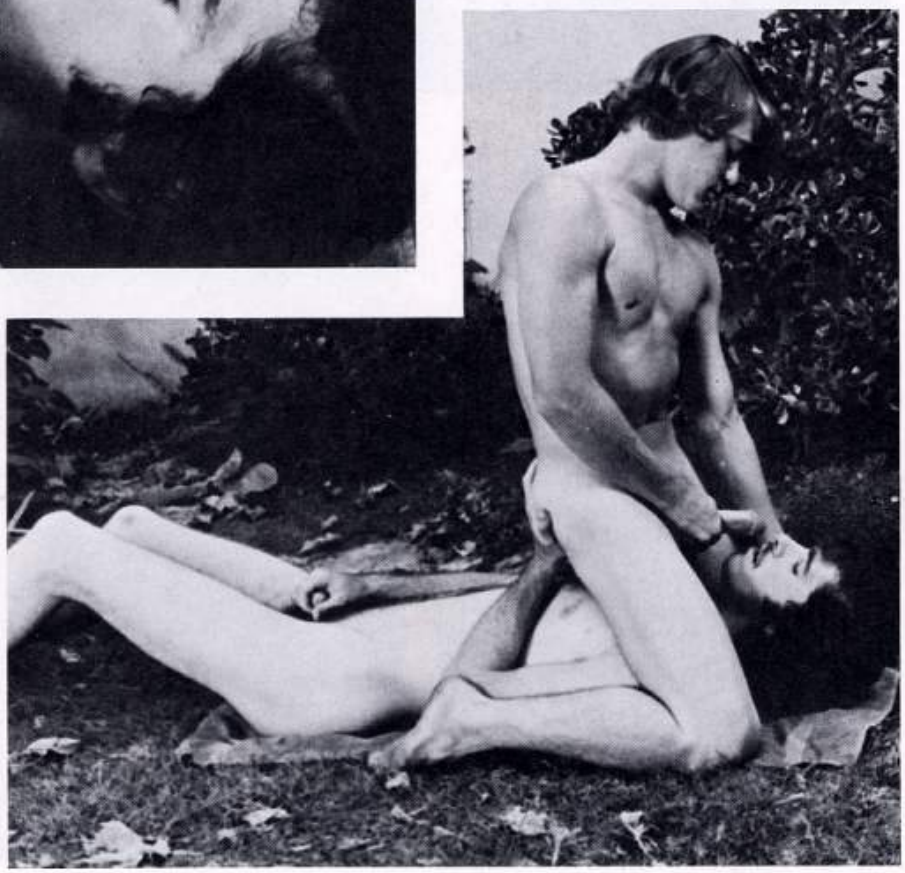
Meanwhile, in the backyard, John had lain back basking in the warm, late-morning sun for a time. He had been aware that Rick was watching him from the kitchen, so he had pointedly chosen not to put on any clothing whatever. He was not yet aware that the neighbor, Jimmy, was watching from the wall, and was enjoying the

sight of his naked body every bit as much as Rick, but had he known, he would not have minded Jimmy's interest anymore than he minded Rick's. It excited him to know that others enjoyed seeing him naked, and he was not embarrassed in the least to allow others their enjoyment.

Jimmy was becoming more and more excited looking at the handsome gardener lying there naked, only a few yards from him, and he knew that he would not be able to keep his hands off him for long. So, almost as soon as Rick himself became distracted in the kitchen, Jimmy slipped over the wall and into Rick's yard.

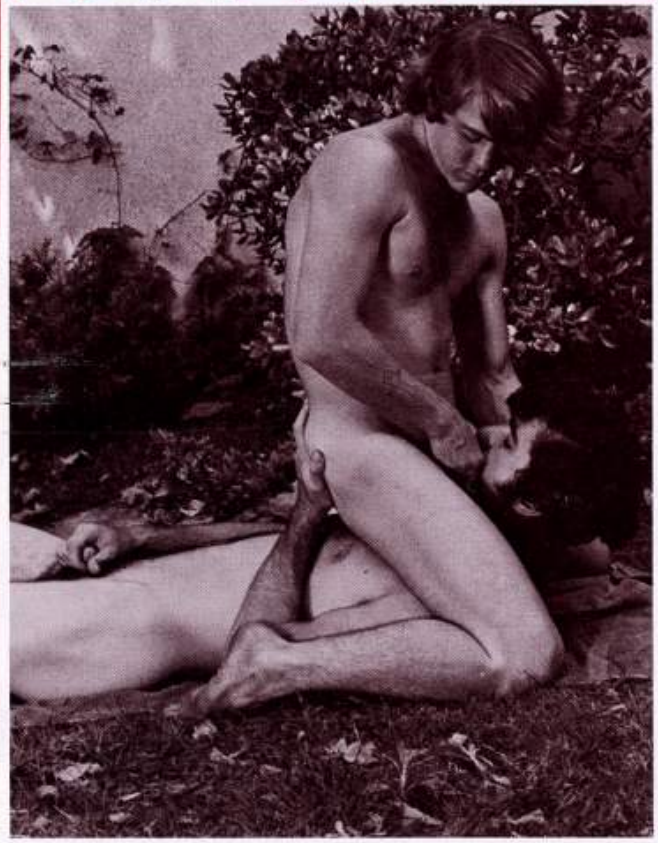
John was lying back with his eyes closed when he felt the moist





warmth of a mouth probing his cock, quickly bringing it out of its languid softness to stiff attention. For a brief moment he thought it was Rick, returning for an instant replay, but he never forgot a mouth, and he knew that this one was not Rick's. He looked up to see a stunningly beautiful stranger kneeling between his legs, skillfully working on his cock.

"Hello, hello, hello!" said John with some interest. "I don't know who you are, but I'm more than willing to get to know you better!"

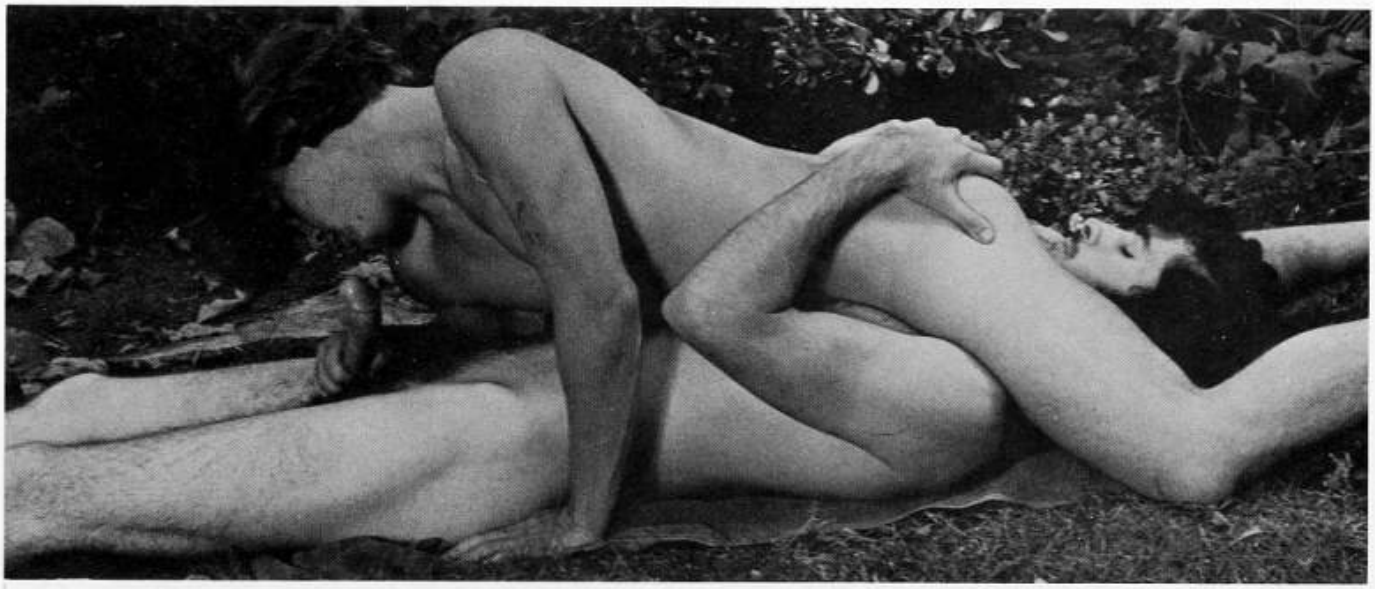


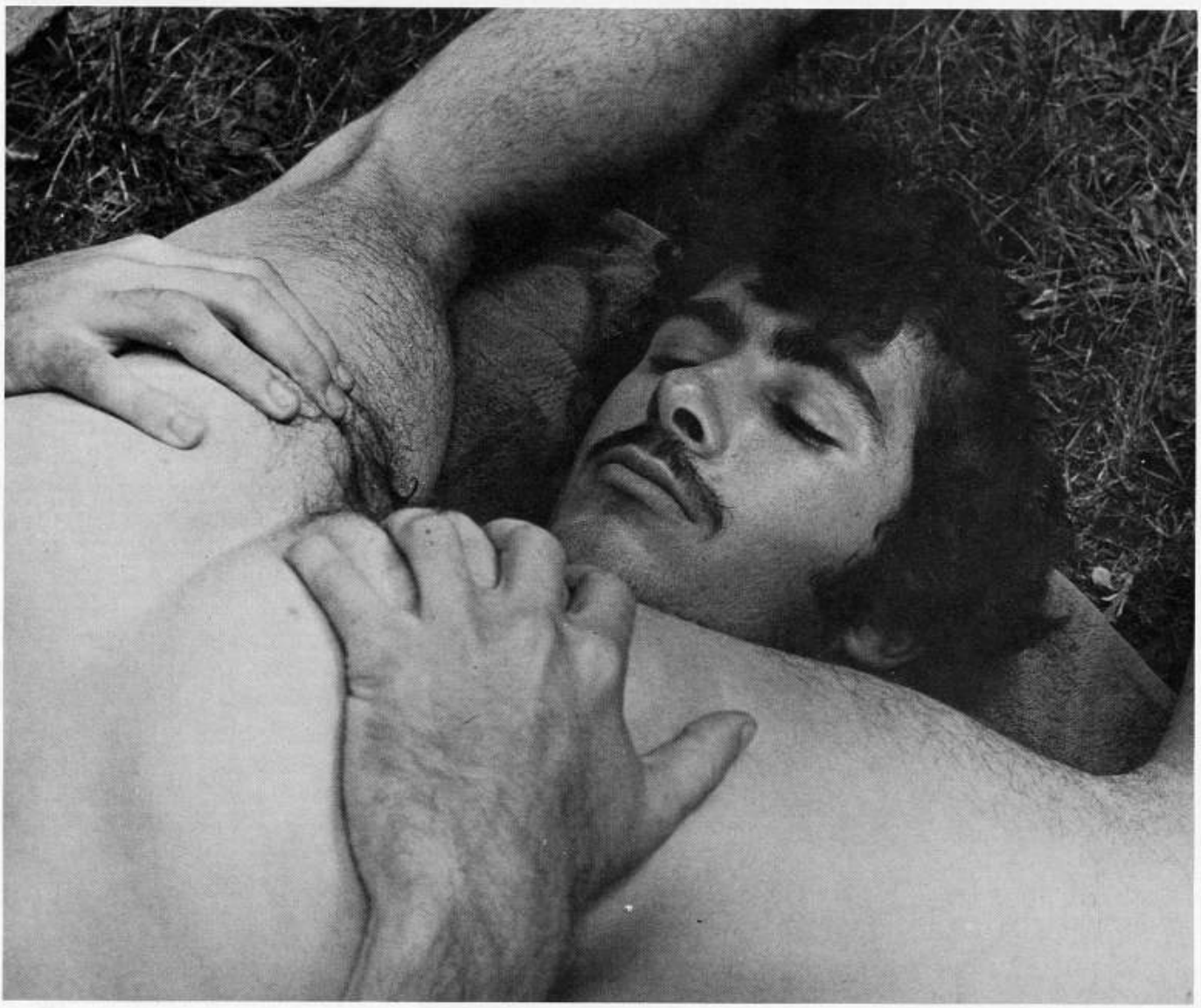
Jimmy grinned up at him "Hi," he said in his most appealing voice. "My name is Jimmy. I'm from next door. I was watching you and Rick from the wall over there, and I liked what I saw!"

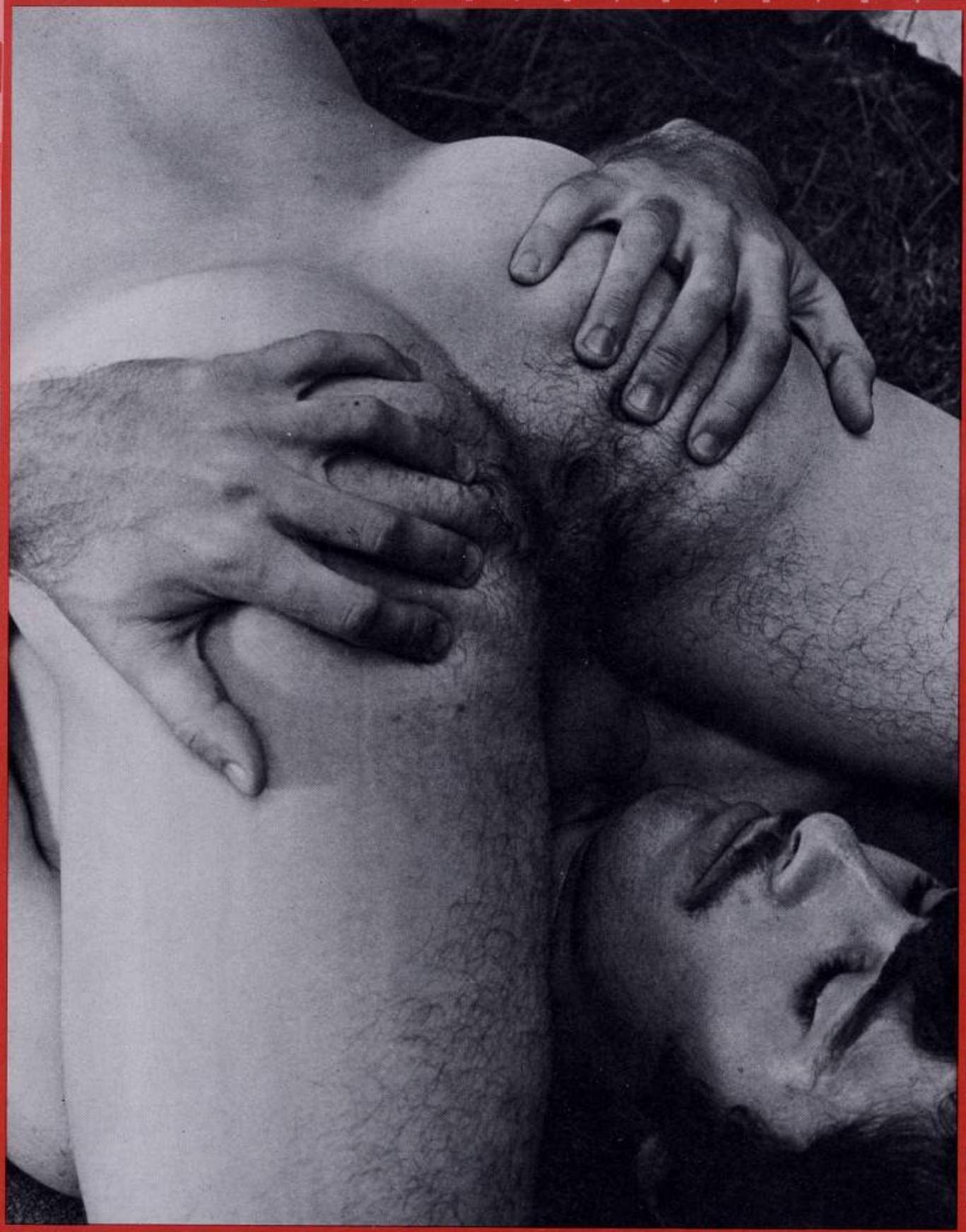
John surveyed Jimmy's muscular chest, outlined by his T-shirt, and his bulging basket, and replied, "Well, I like what I see so far, too. How about seeing the rest of it?"

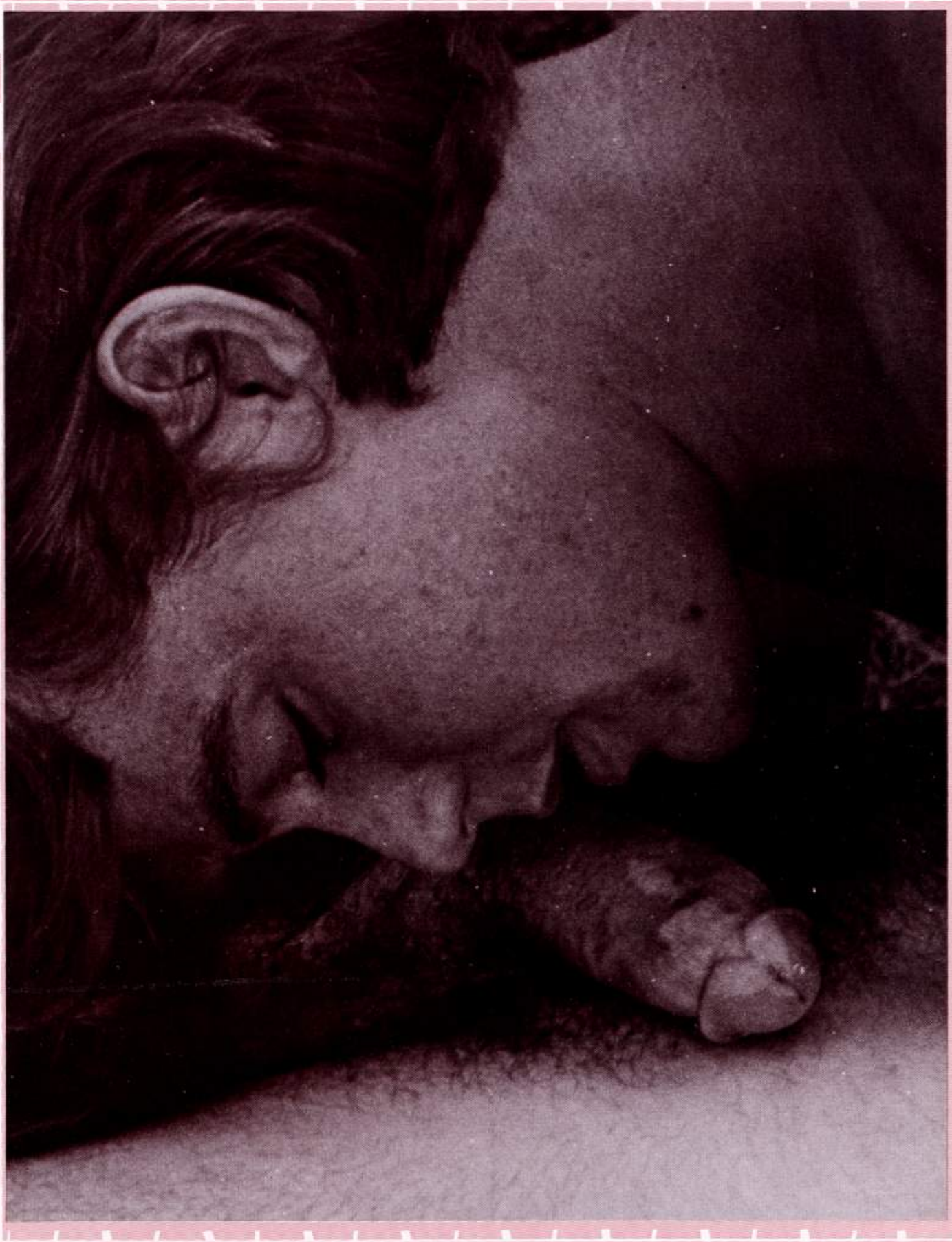
Jimmy was perfectly willing to comply. In no time at all he had stripped off his T-shirt, revealing a broad, beautifully molded chest, and his pants, revealing smooth, muscular legs, and his shorts, revealing a fully erect cock, straining for action. John was speechless. Jimmy was one of the most beautiful boys he had ever seen, and he had seen a few boys in his day.

Jimmy dropped to his knees, straddling John's face, holding his









throbbing cock directly over John's waiting mouth. "Now," said Jimmy, unable to control the excitement in his voice, "I've been waiting all morning for this!"

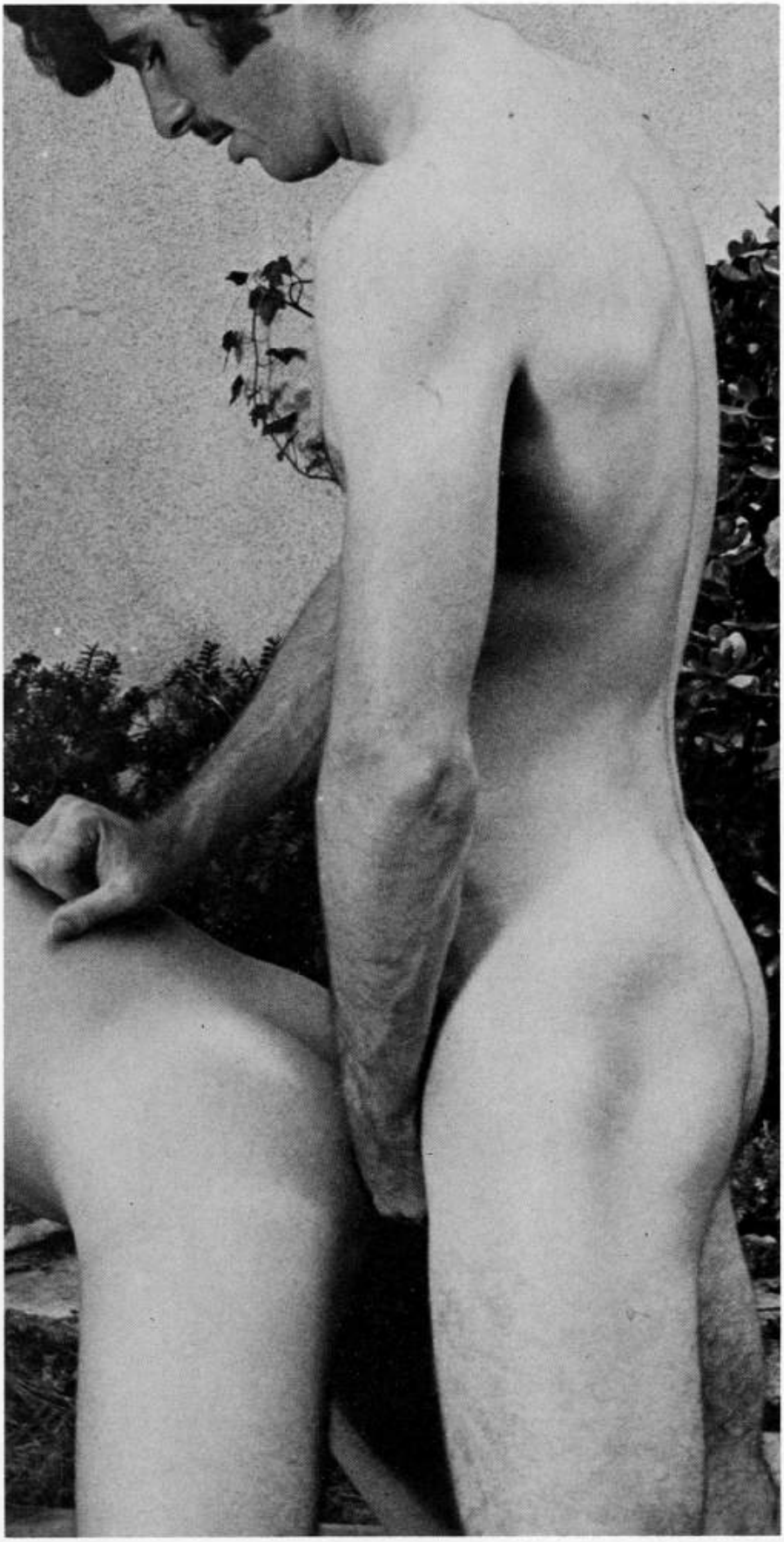
John needed no further prompting. In an instant, his tongue lashed out, capturing the head of Jimmy's cock and drawing it into his mouth. Jimmy pushed forward with his hips, forcing the cock deeply into John's throat.

John's hands slipped up Jimmy's muscular thighs and grasped his fleshy buttocks. John thrilled to the feel of Jimmy's muscles as he rolled his hips forward and back, working his cock in and out of John's mouth. He stroked the soft flesh of the buttocks and at the same time worked first one finger and then two down into Jimmy's asshole. He could tell by the reaction of Jimmy's relaxed asshole that it was willing to take

more, and John knew that he would not be satisfied until he had rammed the whole length of his stiff prick up into that dark and inviting asshole.

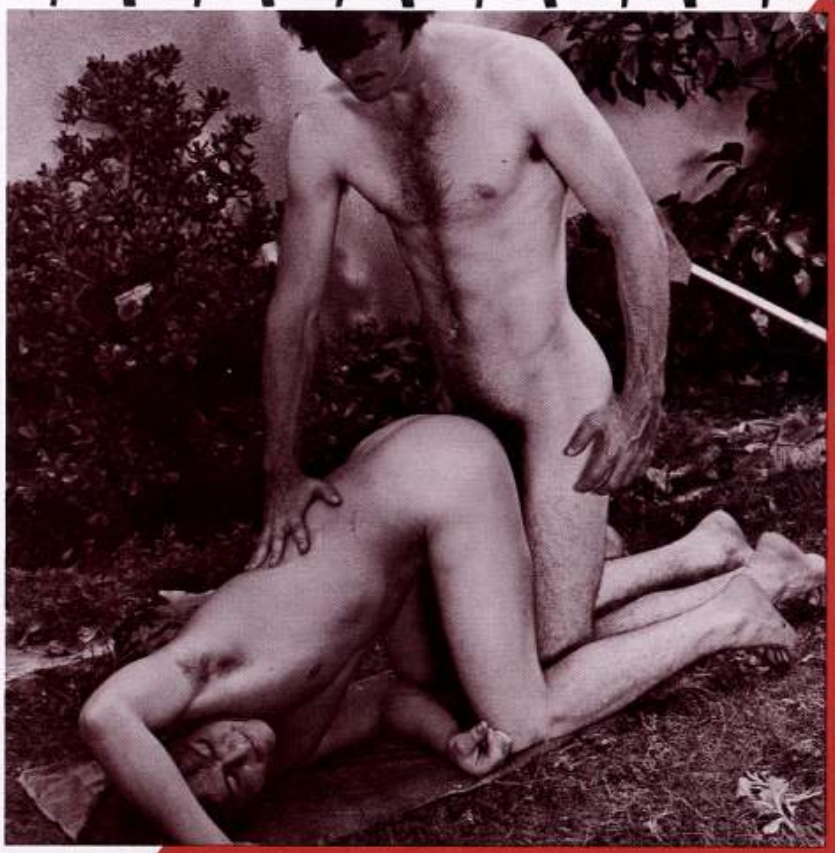
Meanwhile, Jimmy reached around behind himself and grasped John's erect cock in his hand. He liked what he felt. Eagerly he turned over, thrusting his own cock back into John's mouth and sinking his mouth down over John's cock. He felt John's hands running along the length of his body, across his smooth, broad back, up and down his taut thighs, but mostly back and forth over his asscheeks. He felt John's probing fingers violating his asshole. He knew what John wanted. He wanted it, too.

John's desire and Jimmy's both grew unbearable at the same instant. Almost as though they had spoken, although they had not,



John got up on his knees and Jimmy bent over almost double, exposing his delicate asshole openly to John's cock. John's cock lurched up even higher with anticipation. Running his hands over the upturned asscheeks once more, again marveling at the smooth, soft muscularity of them, John inched forward and placed the head of his cock against the tiny asshole. He felt Jimmy relaxing himself, and then with a single gentle yet insistent thrust of his hips, he buried himself deeply within the boy.

Jimmy sighed once, then rested his face against the ground, closed his eyes, and thrilled to the feel of the man within him. John leaned forward, kissing Jimmy on the neck, feeling the smooth, warm, muscular back flush against his chest and the yielding padding of the asscheeks molding themselves



to every curve of his own body. He wrapped his arms around Jimmy's chest, running his hands appreciatively over the firm muscles of his pectorals. Then John leaned back upright again, pulling Jimmy upright with him, kissing the boy's neck and face all the while. He felt Jimmy's ass muscles tighten around his cock as the boy changed position, and he knew that he would explode with passion at any moment. Again he rolled his hips forward, almost lifting Jimmy off the ground with the strength of his excitement. Jimmy's head rolled back on John's shoulder, and he heard low, excited sounds in the boy's throat.

Then he exploded. He felt himself coursing forth into the boy's bowels, wave after wave of lust, threatening to fill the boy to overflowing with the proof of his love. He clung even more tightly to Jimmy's warm body, and he felt the boy's head rolling back and forth on his shoulder, almost out of

LOBO
S.S.

control. His hips rolled forward again, lifting Jimmy clear of the ground, and he felt the full weight of that gorgeous body supported by his own.

At last he was drained of passion, and his viselike grip on Jimmy eased. Exhausted, the boy dropped to the ground, lying out flat on his stomach before the handsome gardener. John lovingly

ran one hand across Jimmy's relaxed asscheeks, then he leaned forward and kissed him delicately deep within the cleft.

Jimmy simply lay there for a long moment, not speaking, while John looked down at him. Finally John broke the mood. With a sudden laugh, he brought one large hand down sharply across Jimmy's ass with a resounding smack. Jimmy leaped to his feet, the outline of John's big hand clearly visible as a pink splotch across both cheeks. "Hey!" he cried, "what was that for?"

"That," replied John firmly, "was for keeping me from my work with that gorgeous hunk of flesh of yours! I have got to get busy!"

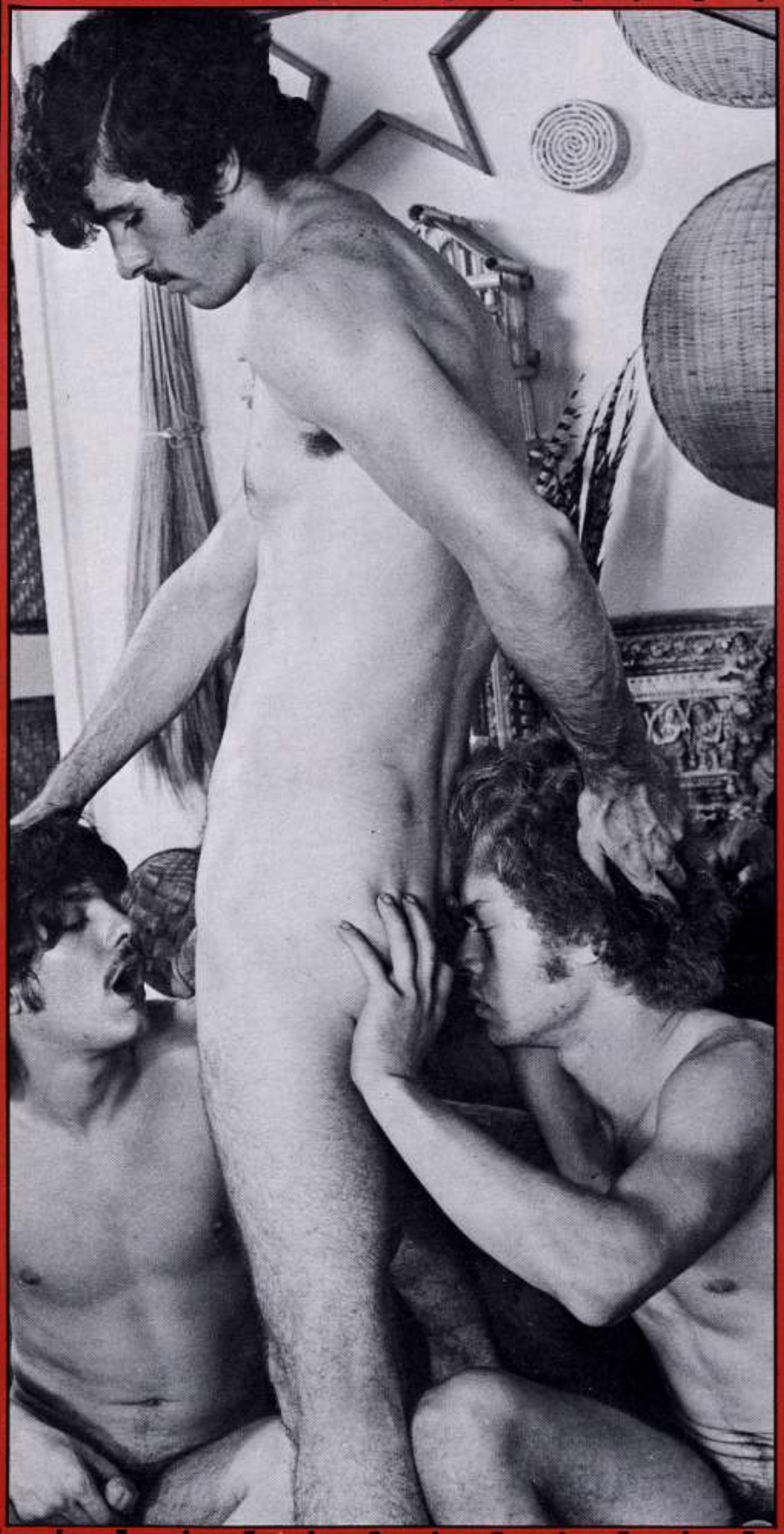
Jimmy looked around the neatly manicured lawn. "What have you got to do, anyway?" he asked.

John also looked over the yard. "Damned if I know," he conceded. "I guess I'd better check with Rick and find out. Now, you get that ass of yours under wraps before I go after it again!"

"Any time," Jimmy offered.

"You've got a deal," replied John, pulling on his own pants. "I'll be seeing you real soon." While Jimmy dressed, John made his way into the house to consult Rick on the lawn.

He found Rick sprawled out on the sofa in the living room, talking to Kevin. They were both completely naked. John was frankly interested in both of them, and neither seemed to mind the fact that he was obviously checking out their equipment. In fact, he



thought he detected a growing arousal in Kevin's cock.

"Hi, John," said Rick pleasantly. "This is my roommate, Kevin. If you look a little higher at him, you'll be able to recognize him later, when he puts his pants on. Kevin, this is John. He's going to be our gardener for a while."

"Hi," said Kevin, allowing an exploratory hand to reach out and grasp John's bulging basket. "How's it growin'?"

John leaned down and kissed Kevin on the mouth, unbuckling his pants and allowing them to drop to the floor even as he did so. Soon he was settled comfortably between the two roommates, and their three pairs of hands were caressing and exploring their three bodies eagerly.

Rick leaned forward to go down on John again, reminding himself of their first idyllic encounter in the garden. Rick and Kevin explored each other's mouths with their tongues, becoming acquainted now for the first time.

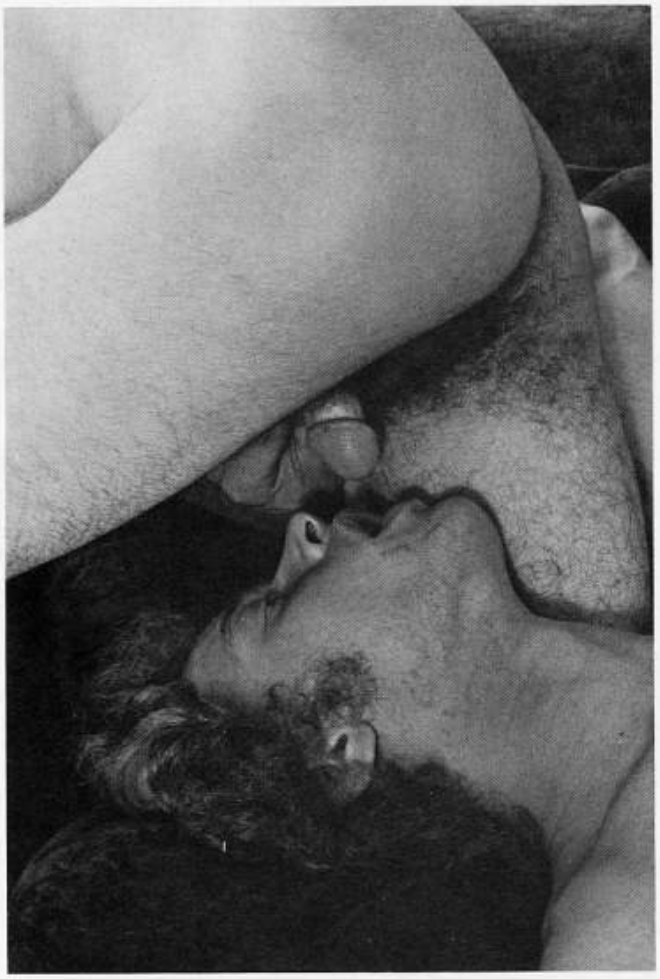
After a moment, John stood, offering his large hard-on to Kevin's anxious mouth. Kevin took it gratefully. He sank his mouth deep down over John's cock, allowing the tip of it to pass through into his throat.

Rick, finding himself looking directly at John's beautifully molded buttocks, eagerly attacked the dark, hairy cleft with his tongue, working his way right down to the entrance of his asshole. John reached around himself, taking a handful of Rick's hair and forcing his face even deeper into the cleft of his ass. As Rick's hot breath warmed his asshole and Rick's prying tongue probed it, John almost involuntarily relaxed his muscle and allowed

Rick's tongue entry into that channel where so few were allowed to probe.

After a time, Rick lay back on the sofa and John straddled his face, allowing him to work on the throbbing cock that Kevin had already brought much closer to climax. Kevin, then, took over the exploration of John's asshole, working a curious finger down where Rick's tongue had so recently been exploring.

But John's hands were now grasping eagerly for Kevin's cock, and so Kevin sat on the sofa where John could go down on him, even while Rick continued to work on John's joint. Kevin threw back his head and felt the glory of the handsome young gardener's hot



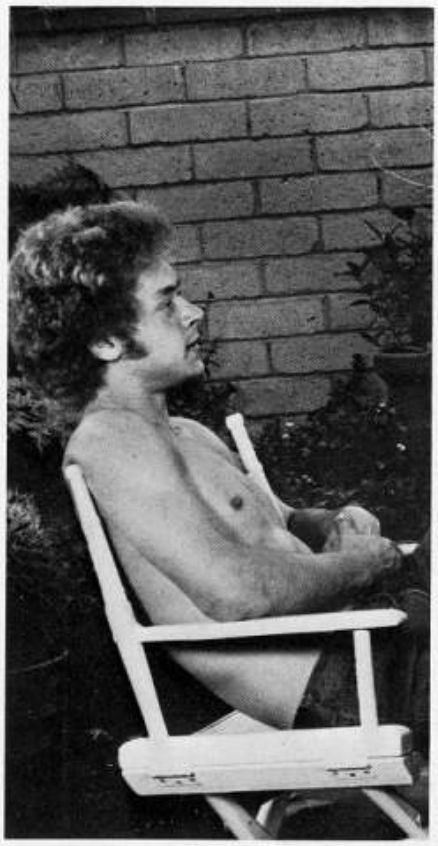
mouth on his throbbing cock. His whole body was alive with sensation. He felt a tingling feeling thrilling through his limbs, running from head to toe and then gathering with a thousand other tingling sensations in his groin, where they were building toward release.

"Rick! Rick! Please!" Kevin cried as he felt his climax building within him. "Please! You know what I want!"

John willingly gave way to Rick, seeing that Kevin wanted his roommate to finally bring him off. Rick straddled Kevin's lap, poising his asshole above Kevin's straining cock. Easily he lowered himself onto Kevin, impaling himself willingly on that large, insistent organ.

John sat back to watch the longtime lovers couple, and Rick, even as he rose and sank on Kevin's cock, leaned over and gave John the attention of his tongue.

John could hear the sound of Kevin's ragged breathing, and he knew that the other was about to come into his lover's asshole. Kevin rocked forward with his hips, anxiously pounding again and again against Rick's ass. Intention-



ally he was holding himself back for as long as possible, building up a charge of love to inject into Rick.

And then he came. He threw back his head and cried out in ecstasy as he poured forth his love into Rick. Rick gasped helplessly for his breath, feeling the eagerness of Kevin's need. John watched the two, thrilled himself to see them so thoroughly enjoying each other's love and each other's sexual fulfillment.

At last Kevin fell back, exhausted, and Rick eased off of his still half-erect cock. The three of them lay caressing each other tenderly for nearly an hour. They each enjoyed the masculinity of the others, and none of them wanted to part, nor to allow their clothing to hide the beauty of their bodies.

But at long last, John's sense of duty prevailed. "Hey," he said finally, toying playfully with Rick's now-limp cock, "what I came in to find out was what you wanted me to do out back this afternoon."

Rick smiled. "Well, what you've been doing so far has been quite satisfactory with me!"

"Yeah," John mused, "but Gramps sure never taught me any of this!"

"Good Lord, I hope not!" Kev-

in said with a shudder. "Old Rufus is a really nice man, but I think I'd rather get it on with the phantom of the opera!"

"Kevin!" said Rick sharply. "Is that nice?"

"No," Kevin replied. "And getting it on with Rufus wouldn't be too nice, either!"

Rick thought it best to change the subject. "Come on, John," he said, reluctantly pulling on his pants. "Let's go out and take a look."

They all three went out into the yard to oversee the situation. Soon John was put to work trimming a hedge, and Rick and Kevin settled down at the patio table with a couple of drinks. They both agreed that they would be very pleasantly satisfied with John as their gardener for the next few weeks, no matter *what* the yard looked like when he was finished.

"Hi, Rick! Hi, Kevin!" The two looked around to find Jimmy just vaulting over the wall from his own backyard. Boyishly, the neighbor bounded up behind Kevin, ran his arms around the other's chest, and kissed him on the lips.

Immediately Rick noticed an increase in the normally large bulge in his roommate's jeans. He placed a foot into Kevin's crotch to confirm his suspicions. "Yep," he told Jimmy. "He's real glad to see you!"

To prove the point, Rick quickly opened his roommate's pants and slipped them down and off. Jimmy pulled Kevin's cock out of his shorts and went down on it while Rick kissed Kevin on the mouth.

In a moment, drawn as if by a magnet, John rounded the corner of the house and took in the sensual scene on the patio. He lost no time in pulling Rick away from the others and plunging his tongue into Rick's mouth.

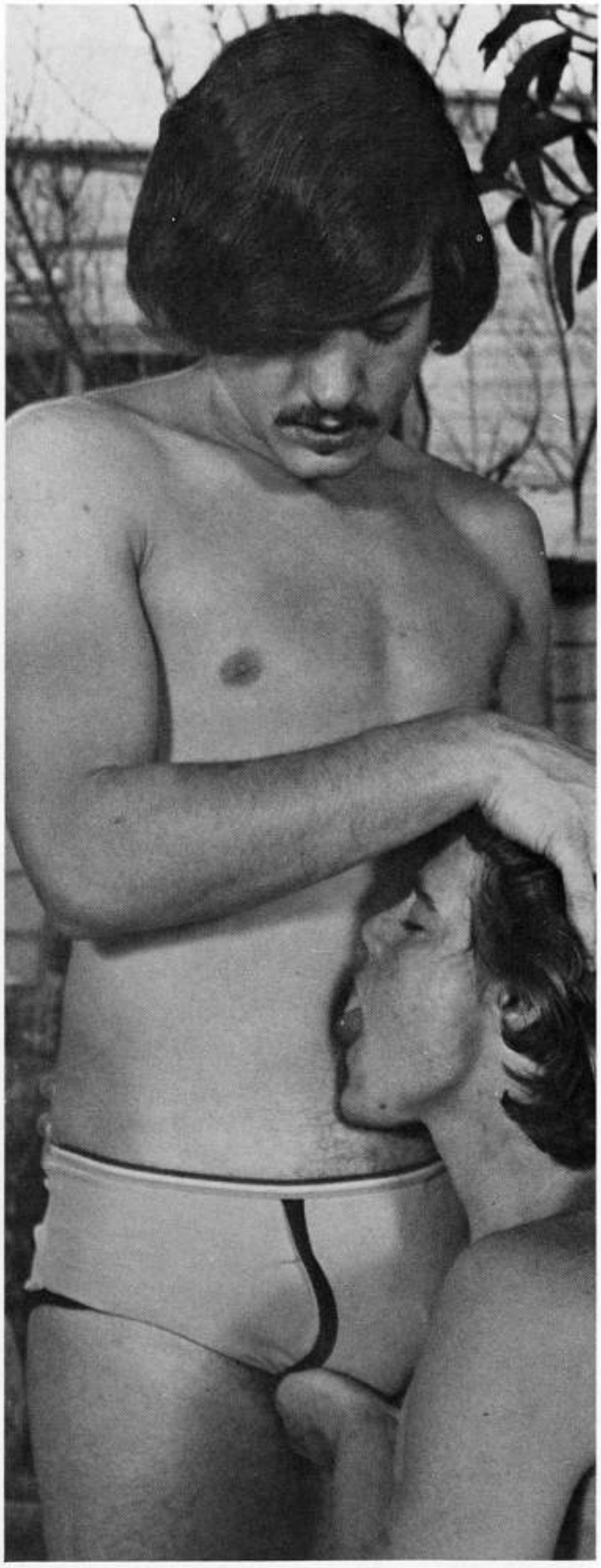
"Say," Rick asked the gardener when he caught his breath, "don't you ever do any *work*?"

"Are you kidding?" John grinned. "I haven't worked so much since I passed out towels and affection at the Grecian Spa!"

With a laugh, Rick gave John's pants a firm yank, dropping them to the ground and freeing his erection. In an instant, the stiff cock was buried in Rick's mouth.

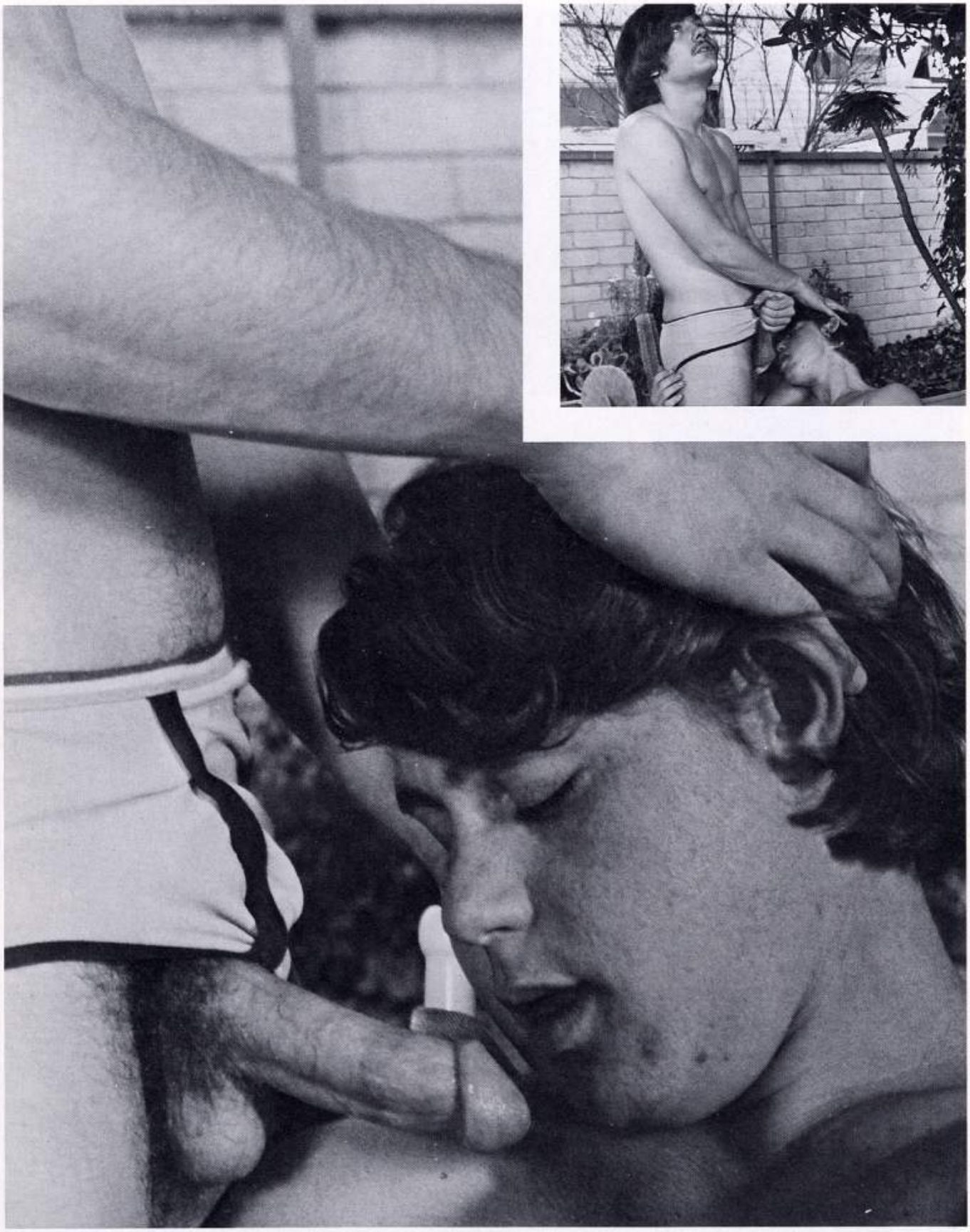
Meanwhile, Jimmy continued to work happily on Kevin's huge hard-on while Kevin threw back his head and reveled in the sensation of the handsome young man's warm mouth exploring his cock and balls.

Soon, however, Kevin longed for another look at Jimmy's naked body. He had seen their neighbor naked often before, but he never



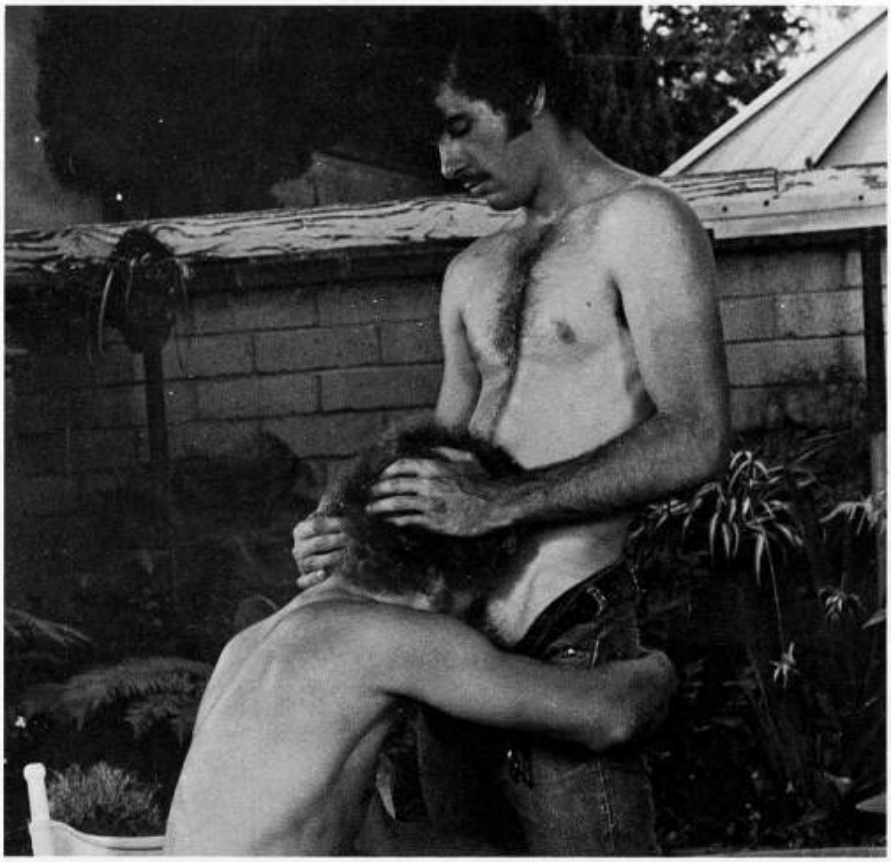
tired of admiring that smooth, exquisitely muscled work of natural art. Insistent hands went to Jimmy's waist and pulled at his belt and his fly. Jimmy raised his rump slightly in the chair, and Kevin slipped his pants down and off. Lovingly caressing Jimmy's cock, Kevin explored every curve and muscle of his chest with his tongue, working his way slowly but deliberately toward Jimmy's ever-growing prick. Finally he had that meat in his mouth, every inch of it, and he worked hungrily at it, driven on excitedly by the low moans of sheer animal pleasure he could hear in Jimmy's throat.

Meanwhile, Rick and John were kissing and exploring each other's bodies minutely with their hands. John particularly thrilled to the touch of Rick's softly rounded asscheeks. He remembered the look of naked ecstasy on Kevin's



face earlier as he had fucked his lover in the ass, and he wondered what it would be like. Breathlessly, he whispered his request in Rick's ear. In silent assent, Rick turned and leaned over the patio chair, pushing his ass backward toward John's cock, which leaped to even greater attention in anticipation of what it was about to do.

John moved closer behind Rick, taking hold of his hips with both hands to guide himself. The moment his cock brushed against one of Rick's downy-soft asscheeks it twitched excitedly. As he placed the enflamed head against Rick's



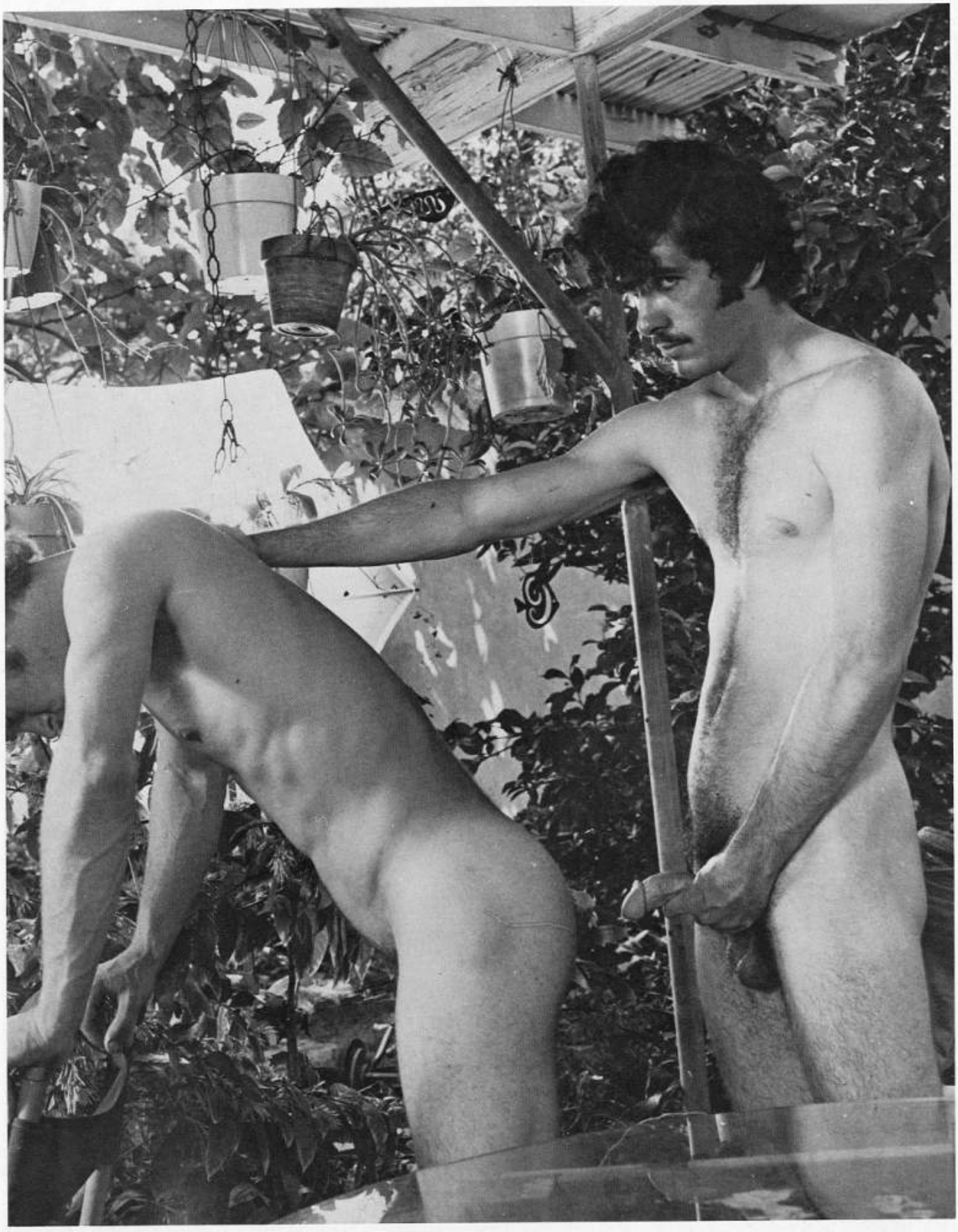
puckered asshole, he felt a surge of excitement within his loins. As he eased himself forward, sinking deeply within Rick's bowels, he could barely contain his excitement. Rick gripped the arms of the chair tightly and strained backward against John's forward thrusts. With each eager thrust, their bodies collided with a light, musical slapping of flesh and John let out a little gasp of delight.

But Rick wanted to feel John even more deeply within him. Gently he pulled free and moved to a new position, flat on his back on the patio table with his legs in the air and his ass extended over the edge of the table, inviting entry by John's pulsing cock. John needed very little invitation. In an instant he was again inside Rick, now more deeply than ever, thrusting time after time against Rick's wide, soft buttocks.

From behind him, as if from another world, Rick was aware of Jimmy's ragged breathing, and he knew that Kevin's talented tongue was working its wonders on Jimmy, and that he would soon be shooting his cum all over Kevin's face.

The very thought excited Rick even more than he already was, and he beat off rapidly.

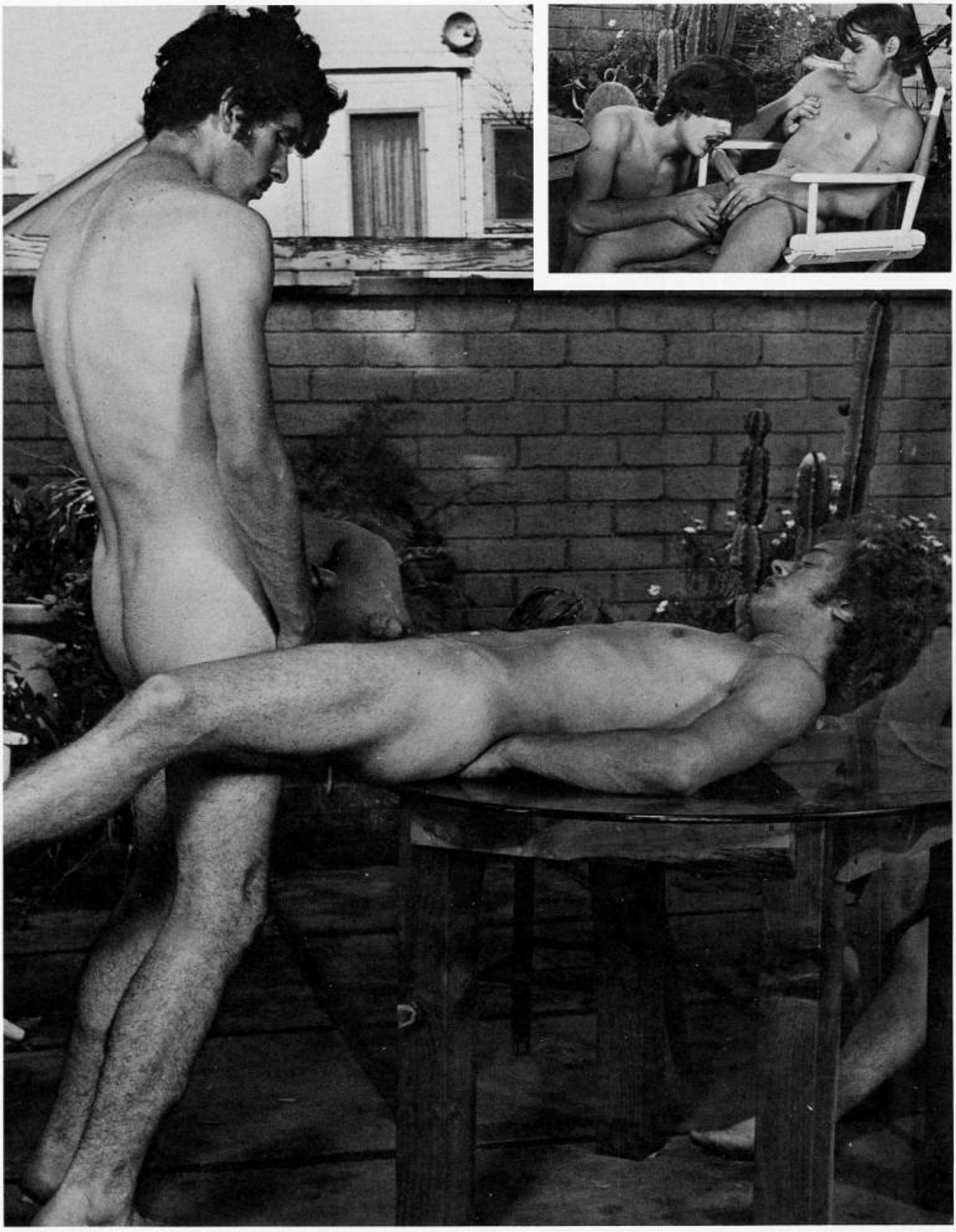
John was now crying out loud with each new attack on Rick's hot ass, coming closer and ever closer to the point of explosion. Suddenly, Rick was aware of John's sticky cum being released



inside him in waves of passion. Almost at the same moment, he heard a great cry of release coming from Jimmy behind him, and he knew that Kevin had brought their handsome neighbor to climax. The air was alive with an aura of electrically charged erotica. In a great flood of sensation, Rick himself came, and he felt the hot liquid splashing across his chest and abdomen. For one great, awesome moment, the air around him crackled with the collective excitement of the four, and then all was still as they sighed a great, communal sigh of total erotic satisfaction.

The four boys lay naked on the lawn. No one could bring himself to move. Finally John spoke up, his voice an exhausted croak. "You know, Rick," he said hoarsely, "in a few weeks my grandfather will be back on the job. What will we do then?"

Rick sighed. "Thank God!" he said. "Then maybe you'll have some time to devote to *us*!"



NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS